

Preble County Democrat.

L. G. GOULD, Editor and Proprietor.

VOLUME XIV.

EATON, PREBLE COUNTY, O OCT., 28, 1858.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

NUMBER 41.

Select Poetry.

"I AM NOT OLD."

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

I am not old—though years have cast
Their shadows on my day;
I am not old—though youth has passed
On rapid wings away.
For in my heart a fountain flows,
And round it pleasant thoughts repose,
And sympathies and feelings high,
Spring like stars on evening's sky.

I am not old—Time may have set
His signet on my brow,
And some faint furrows have not
Which Care may deepen now;
Yet Love, fond Love, a chaplet weaves
Of fresh young buds and verdant leaves,
And still in fancy I can trace
Thoughts sweet as flowers that once
were mine.

I am not old—the snowy tinge
That's fallen on my hair,
What is it but a silver fringe
That makes the head more fair?
Sad contrast, may be, to the brown
Which used to deck my early crown,
But, let the senile tresses stay,
No impulse of my soul is gray.

I am not old—though I have loved
This earth and heart and rest,
Soon, very soon, I will be free
For those whom Love loves best.
What though this fragile frame shall fade
In Age's cold and gloomy shade?
I shall retain the light, and be
Youthful in immortality.

Select Miscellany.

WHY I LEFT THE ANVIL.

BY ELIHU BURRITT.

I see it! You would ask me what I
have to say for myself for dropping the
hammer and taking up the pen, as a
member of your profession. I will be
honest now, and tell you the whole story.
I was transposed from the anvil to
the editor's chair by the genius of ma-
chinery. Don't smile, friends, it is even
so. I had stood and looked for hours
at those chugging iron intellects,
those iron fingers, those subtle auto-
matons, as they caught up a bale of cot-
ton and twirled it in the twinkling of
an eye, into a whirlwind of whizzing
spindles and laid it at my feet in fields
of snow-white cloth, ready for the use
of the most voluptuous antipodes. They
were wonderful things, those looms and
spindles, but they could not spin
thoughts; there was no attribute of dis-
crepancy in them and I admired them,
something more. They were excessively
neat, but I could not estimate the
whole compass of their being and deserv-
ing in finger power, so I went away
and left them spinning cotton.

One day I was tuning my anvil be-
neath a but iron, and busy with the
thought that there was much intellectu-
al philosophy in my hammer as in any
to machinery going in modern times, when
most unaccountably a scorching heat
came; I stepped to the door, and there it
was—the great iron horse. Yes; he had
come looking for all the world like the
great dragon we read of in the scrip-
tures, he came to half a living world,
and just landed on the earth, where he
stood braying with surprise and indig-
nation at the "base use" to which he
had been turned. I saw the human be-
ings gliding with the velocity of wind
over the iron track, and droves of cattle
travelling in their stables at the rate of
twenty miles an hour toward the city
slaughter-house. It was wonderful.
The little bee-winged machinery of
the cotton factory dwindled into sig-
nificance before it. Monstrous beast of
passage and burden! It devoured the
distance, and welded the cities togeth-
er. But for its furnace, heat and iron
sweat, it was nothing but a beast, an
enormous aggregation of horse power.
And I went back to the forge with un-
impaired reverence for the intellectual
philosophy of my hammer.

Passing along the street one after-
noon I heard a noise in an old building,
as of some one puffing a pair of bellows.
So without more ado, I stepped in, and
then, in a corner of a room, I saw the
chief d'œuvre of all the machinery that
has ever been invented since the birth
of Tubal Cain. In its construction it
was as simple as a cheese press. It
went with a lever, with a lever stronger
than that with which Archimedes prom-
ised to lift the world.

"It is a printing press," said a boy
standing by the inkling trough, with a
careless urbanity of brown paper on his
head.

"A printing press!" I queried, mus-
tily to myself. "A printing press!—
what do you print?" I asked.

"Print?" said the boy, staring at
me doubtfully, "why we print thoughts!"

"Print thoughts!" I slowly repeated
after him, and we stood looking for
a moment at each other in mutual ad-
miration; he in the absence of an idea,
and I in pursuit of one. But I looked
at him the hardest, and he left another
inkspot on his forehead, with a pathet-
ic notion of his left hand to quicken an
apprehension of my meaning.

"Why, yes," he reiterated in a tone

of forced confidence, as if passing an
idea which, though having been cur-
rent a hundred years, might still be
counterfeit, for all he could show on the
spot, "we print thoughts, to be sure."
"But, my boy," I asked in an honest
sobriety, "what are thoughts, and how
can you get hold of them?"

"Thoughts are what come out of peo-
ple's minds," he replied. "Get hold of
them, indeed. Why minds are nothing
you can get hold of, or thoughts either.
All the minds that ever thought, and all
the thoughts that mind ever made,
would not make a ball as big as your
fist. Minds, they say, are just like air;
you can't see them; they don't make
any noise nor have any color; they don't
weigh anything. Bill Deeper, the
sexton, says a man weighs as much
when his mind is gone out of him as he
did before. No, sir, all the minds that
ever lived would not weigh an ounce
troy."

"Then how do you print thoughts?"
If minds are as thin as air, and thoughts
are still, and make no noise, and have
no substance, shade or color, and are
like the winds, are anywhere in a mo-
ment, sometimes in heaven and some-
times in earth, how can you see them
when caught, or show them to others?"

Eschiel's eyes grew luminous with
a new idea, and pushing the ink-roller
back, he pointed at the patch on his
newsprint, he replied, "Thoughts work
and walk in things that make tracks;
on paper, or iron, wood, stone, or what
not. This is the way we print thoughts.
Do you understand?"

"The pressman let go the lever and
looked interrogatively at Eschiel, be-
ginsing at the patch on his stringless
brogans, and following up with his eye
to the top of the boy's brown paper buff
cap. Eschiel once comprehended the
felicity of this illustration, and wiping
his hand on his tow apron, gradually
assumed an attitude of earnest opposi-
tion. I gave him an encouraging wink,
and so he went on.

"Thoughts make tracks," he contin-
ued impressively, as if involving a slow
phase of the idea by repeating it slow-
ly. "Seeing we assented to the proposi-
tion inquiringly, he stepped to the type
case, with his eye fixed admonishingly
upon us. 'Thoughts make tracks,' he
repeated, arranging in his hand a score
of two of metal slips, and with the two
here letters we can take the exact im-
pression of every thought that ever went
out of the heart of human man; and we
can print it, too, give us paper enough,
and the great round world is blanketed
around with a coverlet of thoughts, as
much like the pattern as two peas."

Eschiel seemed to grow an inch at
every word, and the brawny pressman
looked first at him and then at the press
with evident astonishment. "Talk
about the mind's living forever," ex-
claimed the boy pointing patronizingly
at the ground, as if minds were lying
there incapable of immortality, until the
printer reached them a helping hand;
"why the world is brimful of life,
bright, industrious thoughts, which
would have been dead, dead as stone, if
it hadn't been for boys like me, who run
ink rollers!"

"Immortality indeed! Why people's
minds," he continued, with his imagi-
nation, climbing into the profanity sub-
lime, people's minds would not be im-
mortal if it wasn't for printers; at any
rate in this here planetary burying
ground. "I agree the shape what man-
here immortality for dead men," he
rejoined, slapping the pressman gra-
tiously on the shoulder. The latter
took on the exorbitance of feeling that I
had once, and I don't believe I shall ever
have it again if I live to the age of Me-
tushalch, which heaven knows, I don't
want to. And speaking of long life, I
haven't any desire to live any longer
than the breath remains in my body, if
I haven't more than eighty years—I
wouldn't wish to be a centurion, and
the idea of surviving one's factories al-
ways gives me a disagreeable sensorious-
ness. But whatever is to be, will be, and
there's no knowing how a thing will
take place till it turns out."—Boston
Gazette.

THE PEANUT EATERS.—A couple of
fellows strolled into a colored church
at Hartford, a short time since, to en-
joy the fun; but when the colored min-
ister rose up to preach, before announc-
ing his text, he leaned forward on the
pulpit and looked slowly around on his
congregation.

"Breden," said he, "may de Lord hab
mercy on all de scoffers."
A long pause.
"May de Lord hab mercy on all de
scoffers."
Solemn pause.
"May de Lord hab mercy on de two
peanut eaters down by de door."
The young man did not wait to hear
the benediction.

A chap sought shelter of a Boston
officer. "See, Cap'n, first my father
died, and my mother married again; and
then my mother died and my father
married again; and somehow or other,
some way I don't seem to have no pa-
rent at all, nor home, nor nothing."

A washerwoman in this city, who
had been in the habit of washing the
shirt of a poor attorney, recently charged
him for it by the dozen; on the
ground that it was in twelve pieces.

A Marriage Service.

Punch having heard of a Marriage in
High Life, performed with a "choral
service," don't know what the latter is,
but suggests the following for musical
weddings:—

PROGRAMME.

Opening Chorus, "Hark! I hear the
Sound of Coaches." Solo by the bride.
Chorus by the applewoman, small
boys, acrobats, musicians, chimney
sweeps, police and street idlers in gen-
eral, being that part of the populace
which you find at every wedding, as-
sembled as outsiders to witness the pro-
ceedings.

Chorus of footman, attired in Berlin
gloves, and gigantic wedding favors.
"Such a fiddin' down steps!"

Air, with variations, "Com' o' Gen-
teel!" sung by all the female bystand-
ers in admiration of the bridegroom.

Comic Songs by butcher boys, "De
Dandy Broadway Swell," and "Oh,
don't be Just Look Nice!"

Bridesmaids' chorus, "Nobody Com-
ing to Marry Us!" Sung in the minor,
with piteous expression.

Solo by rejected suitor, "Hope Told
a Flattering Tale."

Chinese chorus, "Cling a Ring Ring
Ting." Sung while the bridegroom
searches for the ring, which, in his nerv-
ousness he fears he has forgotten.

Sentimental song, "I give the al-
low!" Don't ask for more. Sung by heavy
father, with pecuniary meaning.

Family chorus, "Happy, happy, hap-
py Perce." Sung in allusion to afore-
said heavy father, who is congratulated
on the happy event.

Tremolo concerted movement in the
vestry. The clergyman's kiss, dolce.
Signing the register, *ad libitum*. La plu-
des pelotes *capotes*. Wait of the bride-
groom, *ad libitum*—when he links his
gloves.

Rondo d'adieu, "We part to meet
ag ain." Sung by his mother-in-law,
with musical expression.

Chaffing chorus, "Merry and free
from pain and care, Bachelors are we."
Sung in the distance by his old chamber
maids.

Dirge by the same, "A forbidden
plant is Tobacco, I woen!"

Husbands' appeal, "Cease your fun-
ning."

Sentimental Ballad, "O give me back
my own Latch-key," addressed to
crusades of bystanders. "Wait for
the Wagon," and "Off she Goes!"

With instrumental prelude of tambour-
ines and banjos, by some strolling ser-
enaders who happen to be passing, and
who seize the opportunity to pick up a
few half-pence.

Duet in the carriage by the Hoagy-
mooney couple. "Will you love me now
and then?" With accompaniment of
kisses *ad caput ad libitum*.

Concerted finale, "Then you'll re-
member me." Sung by sextet, beadle,
new opener, vestry clerk, policeman,
charity boys and bell ringers, street
sweepers and linkmen, and everybody
else who has ever so remotely been con-
nected with the ceremony, and there-
fore feels a deep pecuniary interest in it.

Mrs. PARTINGTON ON LONG LIFE.—
"I've always noticed," said Mrs. Part-
ington dropping her voice to the key
that adorns when they are disposed to be
philosophical or moral, "I've noticed
that every year added to a man's life has
a tendency to make him older, just as a
man who goes on a journey finds, as he
goes on, that every mile he travels brings
him nearer to where he is going and far-
ther from where he started. I haven't
got the exorbitance of feeling that I had
once, and I don't believe I shall ever
have it again if I live to the age of Me-
tushalch, which heaven knows, I don't
want to. And speaking of long life, I
haven't any desire to live any longer
than the breath remains in my body, if
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Caught on the Jury.

The following, which we heard told
as a fact some time ago, is too good to
be lost, and may be beneficial to some
gentlemen who has a young unsus-
pecting wife.

A certain man, who lived about ten
miles from K—, was in the habit of
going to town about once a week and
getting on a regular spree, and would
not return until he had time to "cool
off," which was generally two or three
days. His wife was ignorant of the cause
of his staying out so long, and suffered
greatly from anxiety.

When he would return, of course his
confiding wife would inquire what had
been the matter with him, and the in-
variable reply was "that he was caught
on the jury and couldn't get off."

Having gathered his corn and placed
it in a large heap, he, according to cus-
tom, determined to call in his neighbors
and have a real corn shucking frolic.
So he gave Ned, a faithful servant, a jug
and an order to go to town and get a gal-
lon of whiskey—a very necessary article
on such occasions. Ned mounted a mule,
and soon in town, and equipped with
the whiskey, and remounted to set out
for home, all buoyant with the prospect
of fun at the "shucking."

When he had proceeded a few hun-
dred yards from town he concluded to
take the "stake," and not satisfied with
once he kept trying until the world went
around so fast that he turned off the
mule, and there he went to sleep and
mule to grazing. It was now nearly
night and when Ned awoke it was just
before the break of day, and so dark
that he was unable to make any start
towards home until light. As soon as
his bewilderment had subsided so that
he could get the "point," he started
with an empty jug, the whiskey having
run out and about for the mule had gone
home. Of course he was contemplating
the application of a "two year old hick-
ory," or a piece of twisted whiplash, as he
went on a rate of two-forty. Ned
reached home about breakfast time, and
"fetched up" at the back door with a
decidedly guilty countenance.

"What in the thunder have you been
at, you black rascal!" said his master.
Ned, knowing his master's excess to
his wife when he got on a spree,
determined to tell the truth if he died
for it, and said:

"Well, master, so to tell the truth,
I was caught on the jury and couldn't
get off."

It is becoming very fashionable
for married people who are anxious to
be "blessed with an heir," to visit the
springs. We heard of the following in-
cident a few days ago and relate it for
the benefit of the public. A southern
gentleman, who had been married for
several years, and yet had no children,
resolved to visit the springs in company
with his wife and colored servant. They
went, and in due course of time, the gen-
tleman and his wife were blessed with a
fine young daughter. He filed dispropor-
tionately because he wished for a son. Two
years afterwards, he told Sambo to make
the necessary preparations for another
trip to the springs, at the same time as-
signed Sambo how he would like to have
a young master. Sambo replied, "Dis
child would like his rate, Massa but
taint no use goin' to de springs, dat
good looking chick aint dar now."

Some years ago, an old painter
who was very cross by graft, and a lit-
tle deaf, was engaged to paint the Ten
commandments on a church. He work-
ed two days on it, and at the close of
the second day the pastor of the church
came in to see how the work progressed;
the man stood by smoking a pipe, and
the reverend gentleman ran his
eyes over the tablets.

"My friend," said the pastor, "why,
you careless old person, you left a part
of one of the commandments entirely
out—don't you see?"
"No—no such thing," said the old man
putting on his spectacles—"no, nothing
left out—where?"
"Why there," persisted the pastor—
"look at them in the Bible—you have
left some of the commandments out."
Well, what if I have, said the old man,
as he ran his eyes over his work—"what
if I have?—there's a sign 'nere' there
now than you will keep!"

A testy lawyer, lately in one of
our courts found himself bothered with a
knotty witness, who wouldn't explain,
as he desired, the difference between a
"thick" and "long kinds of whalebone."

"Why, man," said he, "you don't seem
to know the difference between thick and
long."

"Yas, I do."
"Explain it then."
"Wal,—you're plaguety thick-headed,
but you aint long headed, no how," said
greeny.

"How are you, count, said a no-
ted wag to a spruce looking specimen of
the genuine snob.

"Sir," exclaimed the indignant swell,
"who are you, and why do you call me
a count?"

"Why, I saw you counting oysters in
New York, last week, and I supposed
you were of royal blood," said the wag.
Snob vanished.

PRIDE.—Pride either finds a desert,
or makes one; submission cannot tame
its ferocity, nor satisfy fill its voracity,
and it requires very costly food—its
keeper's happiness.

THE SWEARER'S PRAYERS.

His Oath Explained.

What! a swearer pray? Yes, whether
thou thinkest so or not, each of
these oaths is a prayer—an appeal to
the holy and almighty God, whose name
thou dar'st so impudently to take into
thy lips.

And what is it, thinkest thou, swearer,
that thou dost call for, when the awful
imprecations damn and damnation, roll
so frequently from thy profane tongue?
Tremble swearer, while I tell thee.

prayer, first, that thou mayest be de-
prived of eternal happiness; secondly,
that thou mayest be plunged into eternal
misery.

When, therefore, thou callest for
damnation dost thou not, in fact, say as
follows: "Oh God! thou hast power to
punish me in hell forever, therefore let
not one of my sins be forgotten!" Let
every oath that I have sworn, every lie
that I have told, every Sabbath that I
have broken, and all the sins that I
have committed, either in thought, word
or deed, rise up in judgment against me,
and eternally condemn me! Let me
never partake of thy salvation!

Yay my soul and body be deprived of
all happiness in this world and the
world to come. Let me never enjoy
thy favor and thy friendship, and let me
never enter into the kingdom of glori-

This is the first of thy prayer. Let
us hear the second.

"Oh God, let me not only be shut out
of heaven, but shut me up in hell.
May all the members of my body be
tormented with unceasing agony, and
all the powers of my soul tormented
with horror and despair, inexpressible
and eternal!" Let my dwelling be in
the blackness, and my companions cur-
sed devils! Pour down the hottest an-
ger, execute all thy wrath and curse
upon me I am and send forth all thy
torments against me, and hence, thy fiery,
thy fearful indignation rest upon me!

Be mine eternal enemy and plague—
punish, and torment me in hell forever,
and ever, and ever!"

Swearer, this is thy prayer! Oh, hor-
rible! horrible! most horrible! Blas-
pheming man! dost thou like thy petti-
ness, but almost the God of heav-

ment? If so, swear on—swear hard—
The more oaths the more misery, and
perhaps, the sooner thou mayest be in
hell. Art thou shocked at this language?
Does it harrow up thy soul?
Does the very blood run cold in thy
veins? Art thou convinced of the evil
of profane swearing? How many times
of hearing blasphemy the God of heav-

en? How many times hast thou asked
God to damn thee in the course of a
year, a month, a day; nay, how many
times in a single hour, hast thou called
for damnation? Art thou not yet in
hell? Wonder, O heavens, and be as-
tonished, O earth, at the good and suf-
fering of that God whose great name
swearing persons so often and so awfully
profane! Swearer, be thankful that
God has not answered thy prayer, that
his mercy and patience have withheld
the request of thy polluted lips! Never
let him hear another oath from thy un-
hallowed tongue, least it should be the
last expression upon earth, and the
swearing prayer shall be answered in
hell. O, let thy oaths be turned into
supplications! Repent, and turn to
Jesus, who died for sinners as well as
for his murderers. And then, oh! then
(though thou mayest have sworn as
many oaths as there are 'stars in the
heavens, and sands upon the sea shore
innumerable,) thou shalt find, to thy
eternal joy, that there is love enough in
his heart, and merit sufficient in his
pipe, as the reverend gentleman ran his
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New York, last week, and I supposed
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The Love of Truth.

Education is constantly and almost
universally eulogized. But why? Not
as an end, but as an instrument. Not
for itself, but because knowledge is pow-
er—it is respectable—it is an important
means of success in the world.

Such views, although by no means
without their use, are nevertheless,
themselves, utterly inadequate. They
can never result in that symmetrical
and harmonious development of the
whole nature of man which is implied
in the word Education. The

ure. Something else is needed. The
need is the love of truth in the mind of
the person to be educated. Implant in
the mind of any youth a sincere and ar-
dent love of truth—a love of truth for
truths sake—a love which will lead him
to seek for truth wherever it may lead,
and you have done more for the educa-
tion of that mind than can possibly be
done by the communication of any
amount of mere information. Such a
mind will be educated. It may have
more or fewer facilities and advanta-
ges, but where there is a will there is a
way; and where there is a living and
active love of truth, there will be an ed-
ucated mind.

The influence of this principle may be
seen in brothers or sisters of the same
family, in scholars of the same class, in
school, or in college. Of those whose
natural abilities are equally good, you
will see some making rapid progress—
growing up in the fulness of the statute
of perfect manhood, while others grow
in nothing but that which is corrupt.

The same thing is also seen in those
sudden transformations which sometimes
occur in intellectual character, by which
persons who have hitherto been con-
sidered dull and stupid, become filled
with zeal for knowledge, and ever af-
ter go on to make great attainments.

It is said that the celebrated Dr. Bar-
rows was so very dull when a youth
at school, that his father used to say,
"What a waste of money is that boy!"

Providence to deprive him of any of his
fine children, he hoped it would be
Isaac. Yet Isaac was the only one of
the nine of whom anything is now
known. Becoming possessed of this
new motive to study—the love of truth—
he made attainments in learning, and
in command over languages which have
been rarely, if ever, surpassed. So
great were these attainments, that Lord
Chatham, as a means of perfecting
himself in oratory, copied with his own
hand, eight times, his published works.

Nothing can prevent the progress of
a mind possessed of this principle.—
It matters little who or where its pos-
sessions may be. It is sure to be the
most impressive of truths, which are
ever coming to such a mind from the
whole range of existence.

An Irish Manner of Stopping a Hole.

"Our folks" have got a biddy of the
vertiablest kind. She is a queer duck,
and good natured as a basket of chips.
Well, last Sunday, as we were sitting
down to dinner, we found the old cat,
with three young grimaltins, largely
engaged in the nursery business under
the table.

"Biddy," said we, "take this cat and
her kittens and put them where we shall
never see them more." A hint of
dreadful import though not under-
stood.

"Faith, sir, an' that I will!"
The feline family were removed, and
we proceeded to dine. By-and-by Bid-
dy re-entered with an expression on her
face that seemed to say, "De-dad I guess
they're in safe keeping now."

"Well, Biddy, what have you done
with the old cat and her kittens?"
"Be gor, sir, they're safe enough,
sure. Dye mind the wood house for-
binest the stable? Well, I put them all
in there, and fastened the doors and
windies. Then, seeing there was a hole
between where they might get out, I stop-
ped that up too, and so you see they
won't trouble you any more."

We were satisfied, "av course," and
we ate our dinner in peace; afterwards
walked into the yard, where we saw the
"dintical" old cat and her kittens at
liberty. Calling Biddy, we said:

"Did you not say you fastened that
cat in the wood-house?"
"Faith, an' I did, sir."

"And stopped the hole?"
"Yas, sir."

Well, she said, that's a fact, but
what do you suppose she stopped the
hole with? She had stuck a section of
stove pipe into it! We thought we
should split. And there sat one of the
little lumps at the mouth of it, just as it
had crawled out, licking its paws, and
looking saucy as thunder.—Knicker-
bocker.

Wholesale don't mix with retail.
Raw wool don't speak to half penny
bait of wallow in the cask looks
down upon sides to the pound, and pig
iron turns up its nose at tennypenny
nails.

To win military glory is to share
with pestilence and famine the honor of
destroying your species, and to partici-
pate with Alexander's horse the distinc-
tion of transmitting your name to
posterity.

The current coin of life is plain
sound sense. We drive a more substan-
tial and thriving trade with that than
with aught else.

The Sky.

It is a strange thing how little, in
general, people know about the sky—
it is the part of creation in which na-
ture has done more for the sake of pleas-
ing man, more for the sole and evident
purpose of talking to him and teaching
him, than in any other of her works;
and it is just the part in which we least
attend to her. The noble scenes of
earth can be seen and known but by few;
it is not intended that man should at-
tend to the sky, but that he should at-
tend to the part of creation in which na-
ture has done more for the sake of pleas-
ing man, more for the sole and evident
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tend to the part of creation in